

I never saw any stripper . . .



The Getaway

Wednesday, December 10, 1986

... I was too drunk.

Tom Boston

Council cans Claus

by Broad Ramble

Once again the Students' Union Executive Council have shown their unflagging commitment to further their own political ambitions . . . oops . . . er . . . to further the social condition of humanity. Last night Council voted unanimously, by a margin of 29 to 0 with one abstention, to reject Santa Claus a one night landing permit on SUB roof.

"The thing I'm concerned about," said Arts Rep. Bob Flame, "what happens if Donner or Blitzen cock a leg over the CJSR antenna, we won't be able to hear Metal Mike Berry until the spring or at least until somebody goes up there with a blow torch to thaw it out. Besides, with the money saved on the clean-up we can hire our own Bambi to drop things indoors."

In the heat of debate Housing and Food Services Commissioner Dandruff Headrush overcome with the intensity of the issue was heard to mutter, "We are taking a stand." However, Headrush voted with his fellow legislators. When questioned later Headrush attempted to deny what had been overheard: "No I didn't, all I said was, we are taking a stand."

VP external Spike Bunter was more concerned with security.

"What if the old fart decides to do a B and E. There goes the art collection. It might be months before security finds out what's missing."

The one abstention was from Science Rep. Harry Javex who simply said "It doesn't concern me. I'm hanging up my stocking at home." When asked if his apathetic approach to student politics might alienate some of his supporters Javex replied, "Apathy, who cares?"

Dim Dykthing, showing the full benefit of a liberal education replied to the motion in his usual eloquent manner, "We can't have that red son-of-a-bitch marching all over our campus spreading peace and good will and handing out free gifts. That c... sucker smacks of socialism."

STOP THE PRESS: In a last-minute appeal on behalf of the University Day Care, the campus New Democrats petitioned University President Mayor Hollowits to reverse Council's decision. Hollowits, however, refused to see them. His secretary said that the President had a dinner date with Peter Pocklington which was made ten years ago. Mr. Hollowits' secretary denied that the President was trying to solicit funds for a personal covered and heated parking stall.



U.S. President Ronald Reagan's foreign policy advisors at a recent congressional investigation. When asked about the clandestine sale of arms to Iran, the three threw up their arms and shouted, "Arms sales to Iran? What arms sales to Iran?" Ed Grimley, Gerald Ford, and Gurn Blanston were caught off guard at the flareup of media coverage, and will be answering some pretty tough questions in the next few weeks.

No Goobers meat : Brunch

by Enigma Sadistic and Peace Bashwell

In a surprise announcement, Housing and Slop Services Director David Brunch declared the university would no longer be purchasing Goober's meat products.

"Instead," said Brunch, "the university shall be serving South African beef and pork, purchased through a division of Rothperson's Ltd."

We felt it was high time that we took a stand against Canadian protectionism," said Brunch.

"Those students have been after us to make moral decisions for a long time so we decided to start making them."

U of A New Democrat club spokesman Rita Coldpak takes issue with this reasoning. "What do you mean South African products?"

"They didn't listen to our concerns about Goober's before, why are they listening now?" she asked, perplexed.

HSS Meat Officer Lambie Llewellyn sputtered "We never made an unconscious effort one way or another to think, I mean, uh, that is informing and responding is something that I mean, uh . . . hey! Look you ivory tower, you are using big words on me again aren't you? I just want to continue with my normal cud chewing practices. What do I know about meat anyway? I'm a vegetarian."

The issue was brought up in last night's Student Council meeting.

VP in search of something external, Michael Hunting-for-it, made a speech against everything in general.

While Hunting for it was speaking, council passed a motion to adjourn to RATT and quietly tip-toed out.

VP in search of something inter-

nal, Barb Hiding-from-it, explained that council wished to approach more student related concerns.

"We felt that our time would be better spent contributing to the

profits in RATT," said Arts representative Rob Abstain.

"I don't think that we should be wasting council time with issues," said Science councillor Don Non-

Standly.

Coldpak said that she hopes to instigate a symbolic avoidance as soon as she decides what it is that she opposes.

Grouper revamps WCT

by Larissa Stevanova

A new form of the writing competency test was unveiled today by SU VP Academic Greg Grouper. The test, designed to be a more accurate gauge of prospective enrollees' writing skills, will no longer consist of a time limited 500 word essay, as in the old format. Instead, it will be in the form of "one of these words is not like the others", and "which beer label says 'Coors'?"

"This test is designed to test students in an environment they are comfortable with," said Grouper. "No one should reasonably be expected to write a 500 word essay on some stupid current events topic. That is really unfair, especially since you can't use your word processor with the SpellCheck feature."

Instead, each sitting of the exam will be administered to a group of fifty students by a member of a selected fraternity. The students will be tested on word recognition in the section titled "Which of these is a real brand of beer?"

Sentence structure and grammar will be tested by having the students read a dummy script for an episode of *Miami Vice* and checking for proper structure and sentence construction. A multiple-choice spelling quiz will also be part of the exam.

"We expect this new exam format to be a real boost to enrollment," said Mayor Hollowits. "Right now, some people are hesit-

ant about applying to the university because they are afraid that they will not be able to pass the present WCT. But this new format will ensure that many, many people who could not pass before will feel much more relaxed and will do much better, thus increasing enrollment."

"More students means more money from the government,"

Hollowits concluded.

Richard Simple, first year artsy, commented, "Great! An exam I don't haveta study for! I was worried that they wouldn't let me continue in the basket-weaving program because I failed the old exam eighteen times, even though I got 85 per cent on the English 30 departmental. I don't think the old exam was fair at all."

Low-tech computer

by Schmeg Reegnik

U of A computing services chief Slick Chipson unveiled the university's newest supercomputing device last night.

The computer, dubbed the Coal Sled 4 by its manufacturer, will provide a challenge to its users. The Coal Sled 4 uses five special data vanes to confuse the operator.

After a file is sent to the Coal Sled to be processed, the computer operator goes to work.

First, the two needle pivots supporting the vanes require a liberal application of beeswax. "It's a friction condiment," said Chipson.

Then, breaking the file into five consecutive segments, the operator loads each vane with its share of data, and with a flick of the finger the vanes are set spinning.

Completed processing, the coal sled 4 emits five vectors of finished

product on strips of paper.

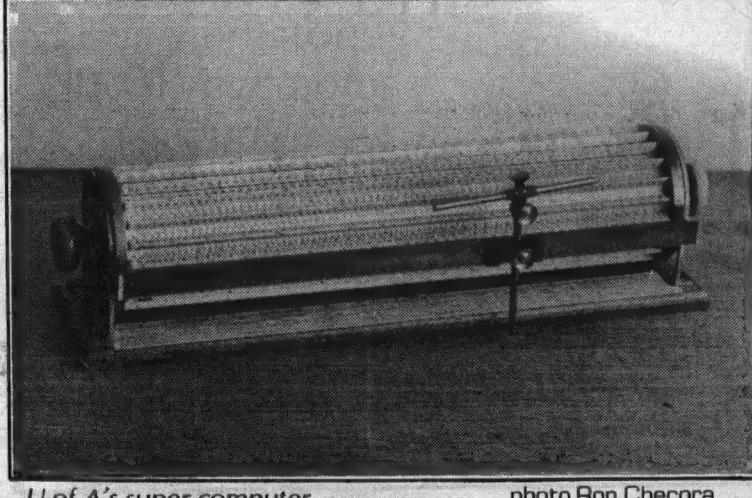
"We're selling time on the Coal Sled to researchers from all over," said Chipson. "Actually, it's really the stupidest damn thing I've ever

seen."

Pulp.....pg. 2

Suzi Smith!!
p. 9

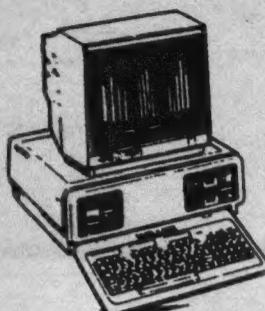
Fluff...pgs. 2-12



U of A's super computer

photo Ron Chocora

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Easy mark still unoccupied

photo Ron Checora

Crimestarters: empty house, super nail boxes

compiled by Lance Progenitor

This week's *Crime Starters* include: an empty house, a wealthy, unsuspecting victim, tips on vandalism and mail box entry.

(1) A residential dwelling at 10727 Wayne Gretzky Drive has apparently been unoccupied for over a week now. Peeking through the windows of this two storey Tudor style mansion one can see a number of expensive household items including a Bang & Olufson stereo and a home entertainment system with color TV and VCR.

The home is usually deserted but beware, a neighbor comes around every two days or so to pick up newspapers, water plants, etc. Also, the front porch light is left on every night, but don't let that fool you.

For easy access try the first floor

window that leads into the children's bedroom. The lock is faulty and the wire mesh screen slips right off in your hand. No visible alarm systems.

(2) Arnie Small, owner of the Radway Deli and Donut Shoppe on 107 Street and Whyte Avenue, has been feeling pretty cocky lately. Usually, he gets a police escort when he takes his week's earnings to the Bank of Commerce on 112th, but lately he's taken to going himself. He takes his earnings down the avenue every Friday at exactly 10 a.m. For a haul, you're looking at anywhere from, say, \$400 to \$1000. He is unarmed and can't run very fast.

(3) The graffiti on the cement wall underneath the High Level Bridge has recently been painted

over and is now ready for further abuse. Helpful hint: K-Mart has a sale on spray paint. But hurry, sale ends without notice and there's a limit of one can to every teenager with a leather jacket.

(4) Canada Post has recalled their Superboxes and we should see some major security changes on them. Advance word is these new boxes will allow easier access, say with your fingernails. No more fumbling with awkward credit cards or screwdrivers. Canada Post — working for faster and more efficient postal service.

If you have any ideas on potential crime in your area call *Crime Starters* at 555-TIPS. If your crime is followed through on, we'll see you get part of the haul.

English professor tied into Harlequin pulp scam

by Mata Hari

The English Department received a profound blow to its prestige when one of its most respected professors, Dr. C.H.G. Smythe-Worthington III was discovered to be the man behind the pseudonym of Wilhelmina E. Woodiwiss, author of 350 Harlequin Romances.

"I'm shocked!" exclaimed the Dept. chairman, "Dr. C.H.G. Smythe-Worthington has received PhDs from Oxford, Cambridge, and an Honorary Degree from Camrose Lutheran."

This man has also penned *Lust in Space*, *Passion in Patagonia*, and *Love Has No Price*. Books described on their backcovers as "The Perils of Passion in the Heart of the Libyan Desert as experienced by a young, innocent American oil heiress, Gwen Collins." This reporter discovered the drafts of his current work, *The Revenge of Ravishing Rachel*, in Smythe-Worthington's

office, and it is the worst of them all.

Could it be that an intellectual such as Smythe-Worthington III is a rival of Sidney Sheldon and Janet Dailey? Is it possible for a graduate of Oxford to pen such lines as: "He looked at her with burning eyes... she knew there was no escape..." "He emitted a groan as his tongue delicately explored her mouth... I long for you, Rachel," he whispered urgently." Could it be?

"I can't help it!" cried Dr. Smythe-Worthington in a *Getaway* exclusive, "I'm an incurable romantic. What we all need in life is a little romance, that's all I tried to give... I confess, I'm a Harlequin addict." He wiped away a tear and blew his nose.

"But!" he claims, "this habit of mine does not interfere with my work! Writing romances helps me relax after a hard day of researching the Inner Interior Symbolic Imag-

ery of the Second Line of Hamlet's First Soliloquy, my current scholarly article."

"Besides," he adds, "I'm a -- I'm a lonely man..."

Because Dr. Smythe-Worthington has tenure, his Harlequin indiscretions cannot cost him his job. However, he is being seriously reprimanded by the English Dept. Punishments include reciting *Paradise Lost* by heart, and enforced membership in Harlequins Anonymous.

Meanwhile, his sales have increased dramatically, as his students have snatched up his works from the Safeway racks. "It helps me understand his lectures on the Romantic poets better," said one student. Since the controversy, Dr. Smythe-Worthington has become a virtual recluse: mocked by students and colleagues alike, he spends all day in his office, typing incessantly.

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CACA checks caffeine push

by Corelle Livingware

As of December 32, 1986, soft-drinks and other beverages containing caffeine will not be available to anyone under 21 years of age.

This legislation was passed as a result of a great deal of pressure on government from a group known as the Committee Against Caffeine Absorption (CACA).

CACA's claim was that young people had too much caffeine readily available to them. Said CACA's president, I.M. Purely, "The availability of such a harmful substance to children and teenagers could lead to disastrous results. Since the caffeine makes them very alert and awake, we might not be able to pull the wool over their eyes as often. Just think of what would happen if we couldn't lie to our children and get away with it! Why, they might stop believing that we knew everything and that would surely be the downfall of society as we know it!"

Dr. Ner Ron, one of CACA's supporters, stated, "Caffeine is by far a more dangerous drug than alcohol. That is why the age for access to caffeine is so much higher than that for alcohol. Caffeine stunts the growth of young children and puts hair on their chests. I believe that caffeine can be blamed for all the juvenile delinquency in the world today. Little children go into their local store, buy a pop with caffeine, drink it and suddenly they have so much energy because the caffeine invigorates them. They then decide to break into a store because they feel so high and feel that they couldn't possibly get caught."

Dr. Ron also feels that by age 21, people are mature enough to suppress the "desires to loot, to plunder, and to pillage that younger people feel after having caffeine".

Campus Radio races for the ratings

by G.B. Cote

Campus radio station CJSR is about to undergo a dramatic change of format.

Beginning at midnight tomorrow, CJSR is going to play nothing but semiclassical instrumental easy-listening music of a type long favoured by elevator operators.

According to the upper echelon at the until-now eclectic radio station, this change comes as a result of repeated demands by university students.

Citizen Kane, CJSR's head, said that since the beginning of classes, there has been a flood of calls from students outraged at the licentiousness and general depravity of the music played under the current format.

"Student discontent seems to be directed at three types of music we play: pre-1900 European instrumental, post-1955 rock'n'roll, and generally 20th century alternative," he said.

"On the other hand, there seems to be a crying need for Lawrence Welk, Mitch Miller, and other

University students, however, are shocked and outraged by the legislation.

Said Lotta Jitters, a second year science student, "I can't believe that they're doing this to us! How can I survive without my 46 cups of coffee and my 73 cans of Cope each day? Hopefully someone will be supplying it! I need that caffeine!"

Responses from other students were similar to Lotta's and one enterprising soul said, "I've taken the rest of my student loan and spent it on 200 cases of Cope. I've got it stockpiled in the basement! When that legislation hits, I'll be rolling in the dough!"

Many changes are taking place on campus and across the province in preparation for the new legislation.

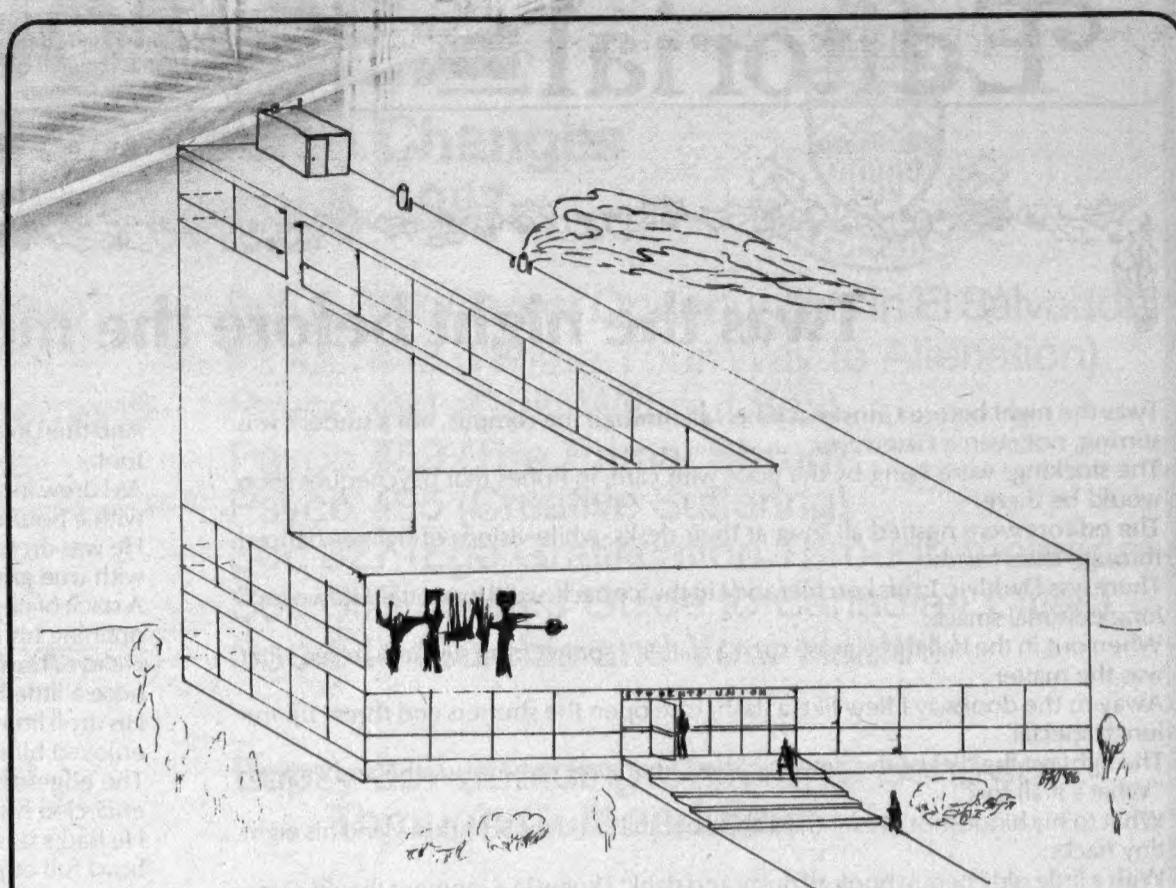
Many stores which sell caffeinated beverages are employing bouncers to check for age I.D., applying for licences to sell caffeinated drinks, and roping off places where caffeine can be consumed.

The vending machines are all being restocked with soft-drinks such as "Suzy Sunshine Soda" and "Wimpy Watermelon Fizz". A few will contain caffeinated sodas, but they will be in a room with admittance given only to those 21 and older.

Other places are jumping on the bandwagon as well. Drugstores are making "Wake-ups" strictly prescription drugs and supermarkets are selling hot chocolate, coffee, and caffeinated soft-drinks at special counters marked "OVER 21 ONLY".

As one heartbroken 18 year old said, "The new year without caffeine looks bleak. I don't know if I can make it without my daily fix."

Be sure to look for next month's hot exposé, "CAFFEINE: New Source of Mafia Profits."



Grave uncovers a new SUB

by Jihad Bronson

Plans are in the works for a new Students' Union Building (SUB), to replace the present one.

In a surprise statement on Friday, SU President Grave Othinski said "the present SUB just doesn't do for me what it used to, so I've decided to replace it."

"I really don't like the colour, either," he added.

He also said the new SUB will be "unique". He did not elaborate.

SU VP Internal Carb Big'uns revealed a few plans for the new SUB.

"We are still going to have a drinking establishment, similar to our present RATT, called YELPI, or 'Yuppies Exclusive Little Place.' In the basement will be located CJSR's new upgraded 2 watt transmitter and antenna," she said.

When questioned about the funding for this project, Othinski said, to much applause, "It's perhaps, I think, far too early to worry ourselves with trivialities, we must all boldly set hard to work on the task ahead: a new SUB, one which we all can enjoy."

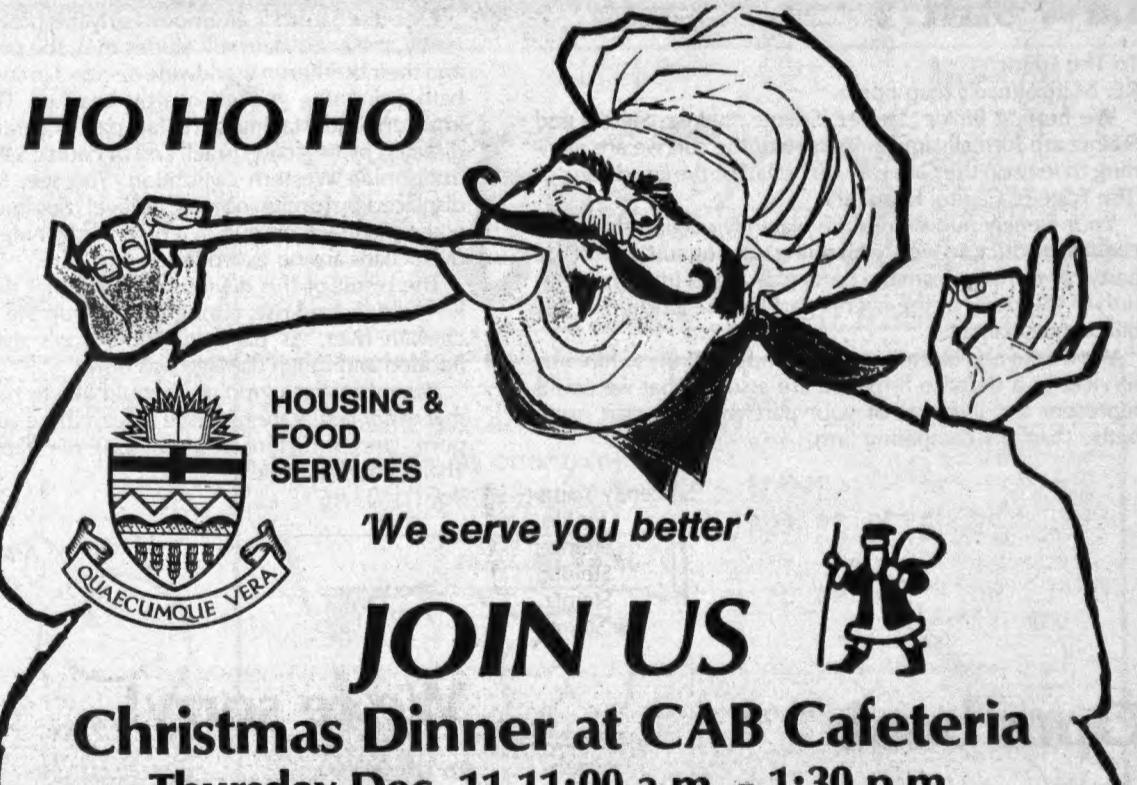
Harold Krishna, of Quicky Consultants Ltd., whom the SU has chosen to design the building and oversee construction, gave further details of the new building.

"Yeah, we can whip up a pretty good design in no time, maybe by next week," he said.

Construction should be underway by Jan. 1, 1987, and be completed "also in no time".

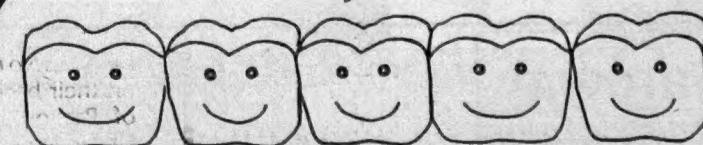
As for the old SUB, students are invited to Rm. 282 all day Friday to join Getaway staff in a volunteer "Wreck-a-thon".

HO HO HO



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Editorial

Letters to the Editor should not be more than 250 words in length. They must include your signature, faculty, year of program, I.D. number, and phone number. Requests for anonymity are at the discretion of the Managing Editor, but the above information is required regardless. We reserve the right to edit for libel and length. Letters do not necessarily reflect the views of the Gateway.

Twas the night before the morning after...

Twas the night before Christmas when all through the campus, not a student was stirring, not even a Gatewayer. The stockings were hung by the door with care, in hopes that paycheques soon would be there. The editors were nestled all snug at their desks, while visions of bylines danced through their heads. There was Daddy-o in his kerchief and I in my ice pack, we'd just settled down for a long editorial smack. When out in the hall there arose such a clatter, I sprang from my desk to see what was the matter. Away to the doorway I flew like a flash, tore open the shutters and threw up the lunch special. The light on the tiles of the newly washed floor gave me a headache and I asked, "What's it all for?" What to my bloodshot eyes should appear, but President Schminsky and his eight tiny hacks. With a little old cheque book all dusty and dank, I knew in a moment they'd come to pull rank. More rapid than eagles his coursers they came, and he whistled and shouted and called them bad names. Now Punter, now Bustin, now Biggun, now Blooper. On Spanky, on Freddy, on Schminsky, on Lovinson. To the top of the SUB, to the bar called RATT, now dash away, dash away, dash away brats. As dry leaves before the wild hurricane fly, when they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky. So up to the Room at the Top, the coursers they flew, with the cheque stubs for strippers and Schminsky too.

And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof, the whining and stamping of each little foot. As I drew in my head and was turning around, down the elevator Tom Bustin came with a hound. He was dressed all in yuppie from head to foot, and his clothes were all rumpled with true grit and sweat. A stack of paycheques he had flung on his back, and he looked like a boy scout just opening his pack. His eyes how they twinkled, his dimples how merry, his cheeks were like roses, his nose a little hairy. His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow, and he drooled and he cackled and enjoyed himself so. The edge of his calculator he held firm in his teeth, and delusions of popularity encircled his head like a wreath. He had a bumpy face and a round little belly, that shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly. He was a skinny little wimp, a right silly young hack, and I laughed when I saw him in spite of myself. A wink of his eye and a twist of his head soon gave me to know I had everything to dread. He spoke not a word but went straight to his work, and emptied all the stockings then turned like a jerk. Laying his finger inside of his nose, and giving a twitch, up the elevator he rose. He sprang to his barstool, to the stripper gave a hoot, while he carefully watched over all of the loot. But I heard him exclaim as he slithered out of sight, "Happy Christmas to all of the wing on the right!"

Catty Bitchmore

Letters

Law suit?!

To The Editor:

RE: Marc Simao's soap opera.

We here at Binkle, Steintz, Steintz, Steintz and Steintz are formally informing you of the suit we are planning to levy on the Gateway on behalf of the producers of 'The Edge of Capitol Hospital'.

Your weekly publishings are blatantly plagiaristic of our client's product. So we are planning to bring suit against the party of your part from the party of our part in representation of the party of the clients part for the amount of \$12 billion plus damages.

We would also like to extend this opportunity to hire our services as a defense firm. We are assured that we could represent the interests of your part with our part quite better than any competing firm.

Sincerely Yours
Binkle,
Steintz,
Steintz,
Steintz,
& Steintz

Arms and the Vermin

To The Editor:

Being an "agent of social change" myself, of sorts, I thought I would like to fill you in on a much too forgotten and sordid detail of World history.

One fine Saturday afternoon early this previous summer, (sadly, the exact date still eludes me), the people of Israel and their brethren worldwide decided to spend their Sabbath swimming at their nearby beaches. This seemingly innocent undertaking was in fact part of a grand conspiracy directed by Moscow, Israel, and of course Satan himself, to undermine Western civilization. You see, when water is displaced by foreign objects, its level rises (much like when you dip a machine-gun in a bath of cleaning solvent), and our oceans are no exception.

The result of this devious plot was that the world's sea level did indeed rise, enough to back up the North Saskatchewan river. As planned, Edmonton's river valley was flooded and much damage was done.

Having made my point, I would like to remind readers that every family should have at least three automatic weapons (and sufficient ammunition) per family member. Thank you very much.

Hairy Vermin
Arrogant Nations
Scaroline, Alberta

More smut now

To The Editor:

I would like to complain about the absence of homophobic, racist, and sexist material in the Gateway.

Thank You.

Rufus Washington,
Grand Pouah,
KKK Edmonton Chapter

Loose cogs

To The Editor:

I would like to comment on the rumour that a space alien is responsible for the pregnancy of the managing editor of the Getaway.

I am appalled that something hasn't been done to stop these aliens from taking over. I have one in one of my classes, and I find his purple feathers a nuisance, as I am allergic to them.

Furthermore, I am told the rat population on campus is on the rise again, ad that the Biological Science Lab is attempting to clone Elvis.

This rampant march of so-called science is an outrage. If the Creator had meant for us to fly, she wouldn't have invented wheels. (Or something like that).

Dwayne Zorkface
Arts 1/2

Opus boob

Dear Sirs:

I have been informed that since the bankruptcy of K-Tel, you are now handling orders for their warehoused merchandise.

Could you please send me 12,000 amazing Potato Frizzlers and 4356.3 astounding Glop Sporkers and please include my complementary fantastic Doily Fluffers please.

Bill Me.

Opus Penguin
10 Bloom Meadow
CA, 94163.

We're sorry!

To The Editor:

I would like to correct a piece of incorrect information that was reported in the Getaway ("Laser Beams to be used for physical fitness", Getaway, Dec. 3).

The article reported that the argon-V laser operates at a frequency of 1,325,483 MHz. This is incorrect; the laser operates at a frequency of 1,325,482 MHz.

If you cannot keep your facts straight, get someone else who can write accurately.

Sincerely
Dr. I.M. Pikki
Radiological Science

May the partridge in the pear tree
shit all over your exam results!



The Gateway

The Gateway is the newspaper of the University of Alberta students. Contents are the responsibility of the Editor-in-Chief. All opinions are signed by the writer and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Gateway. News copy deadlines are 12 noon Mondays and Wednesdays. Newsroom: Rm 282 (ph. 432-5168). Advertising: Rm 256D (ph. 432-4241). Students' Union Building, U of A, Edmonton, Alberta, T6G 2G7. Readership is 25,000. The Gateway is a member of Canadian University Press.

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Mom, please change your mind and let me come home for Christmas...a subliminal message.



NOTICE:

Second Term Course Changes effective January 5, 1987

ARTS:

Pol. S. 332 (U.S. Government and Politics)	Pol. S. 332 (Career Opportunities in El Salvador)
Psyco 443 (Social Cognition)	Psyco 443 (Whine Your Way to Alienation)
Psyco 491 (Psychology of Self-Estrangement)	Psyco 491 (Guilt Without Sex)
Psyco 489 (Abnormal Psychology)	Psyco 489 (The Primal Shrug)
Psyco 495 (Psychology of Aesthetics)	Psyco 495 (Creative Suffering)
Soc 327 (Criminal Justice Admin.)	Soc 327 (Ego Gratification Through Violence)
Soc 353 (Urban Sociology)	Soc 353 (Looters Guide to Canadian Cities)
Soc 544 (Seminar in Socialization Processes)	Soc 544 (Suicide and Your Health)

EDUCATION:

Edpsy 357 (Behavioral Management of Exceptional Children)	Edpsy 357 (Molding Children's Behavior Through Guilt and Fear)
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MEDICINE:

Surgery 541 (First Year Surgery)	Surgery 541 (How to Profit From Your Own Body)
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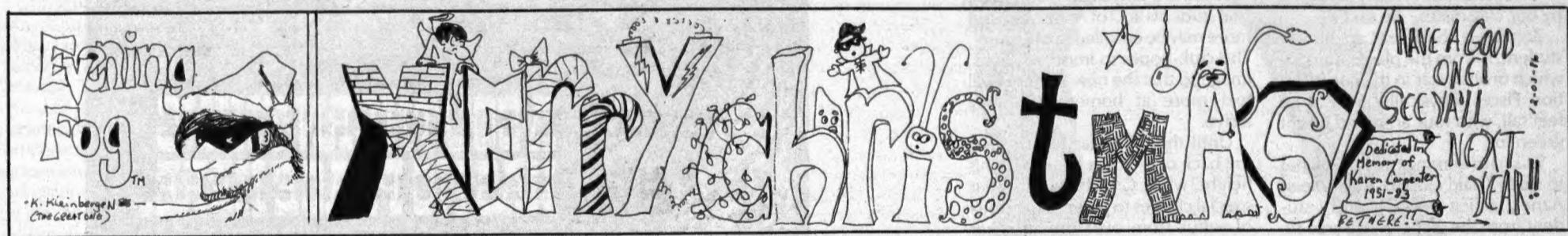
Med 442 (Internal Medicine)	Med 442 (Basic Kitchen Taxidermy)
Anat 605 (Selected Topics in Gross Anatomy)	Anat 602 (The Braille System of Anatomy)
Paediatrics 541 (First Year Paediatrics)	Paed 541 (Sinus Drainage at Home)
Anat 602 (Developmental Anatomy)	Anat 607 (Optional Body Functions)

NURSING:

Nurs 464 (Clients With Health Deviations)	Nurs 464 (Needlecraft for Junkies)
Nurs 388 (Research Perspectives)	Nurs 388 (Converting Wheelchairs into Dune Buggies)

FINE ARTS:

Art 339 (Special Projects in Studio Disciplines)	Art 339 (How to Draw Genitals)
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An insidious scandal is uncovered

by Mott McChicken

An insidious, beer-drenched scandal has been uncovered on the U of A campus. The George Orwell Appreciation Society, a well known and respected campus club, is actually a front for a group of beer swilling anarchists.

The sordid scheme came to light when President Hollowits was seen reeling out of the club offices, singing a badly off-key version of "Feelings", meanwhile loaded down with suspicious looking keg-like containers. When questioned about the incident at the scene, Hollowits replied: "I may be sober, but you're drunk, and I'll be ugly in the morning." The President then proceeded to fall flat on his face.

Fearless News Editor, Schmeg Reegnik, infiltrated the club's infamous "membership drive week". What he was to learn was so far reaching, nefarious, and silly that it was to drive him mad.

The material below represents excerpts from Reegnik's tape recorder.

Reegnik: "Hi, I understand you're the president of the Orwell Appreciation Society."

Mr. X: "Pleased to meet you. Hey, aren't you the news editor for Getaway?"

Reegnik: "No-ahh . . . umm . . . you're the (er) first to make the same mistake."

Mr. X: "Without that phony looking mustache and beard you look a lot like him."

Reegnik: "Yes . . . I've been told that."

Mr. X: "O.K. Reegnik we know who you are. Its time to cut the crap."

A brief scuffle ensues.

Much later . . .

H. "And so I said to her, hey babe, I'm not that desperate . . ."

X. "I think Mr. Reegnik is dry Guido. Why don't you get him

another jug."

H. "I really should hiccup-be going."

X. "Jeez Guido. Do you get the impression that Mr. Reegnik doesn't like our hospitality?"

Guido "Yeah Boss. Maybe I should go get the comfy chair."

H. "Well, uh, I'm sure that won't be necessary. Lot's of time, yes siree, plenty of time."

Transcript ends.

Reegnik was later found by campus security wandering Hub mall, apparently searching for his socks. He was completely unclothed at the time.

Further investigation by Getaway staff led to the unveiling of the man behind the mystery. Mr. X, leader of the club, is none other than Mystery student James Ash.

Our sources have revealed several interesting facts about Mr. Ash.

(1) He has never been, and isn't currently a registered student of

the U of A.

(2) He is currently enrolled with honours in five non-existent classes.

(3) and he has been seen dining with prominent members of Edmonton society; including Mayor Interior Decore, Police Chief Loney, Whine Grumpky, and several Gherkmezians.

I managed to arrange an unprecedented interview with Mr. Ash under the condition that we meet in Our Place, a popular university bar.

Ash: "Let's get one thing straight. I don't like the press, and the only reason I'm giving this interview is because I know nobody reads this rag. So go ahead ask away, but keep in mind Guido has an attitude problem.

Guido: "Gee boss you know I'm working on that."

"Is it true that the Orwell Appreciation Society is no more than a front for an illegal bootlegging

operation?"

Ash: "Maybe it is maybe it isn't."

"What kind of an answer is that?"

Ash: "That kind of an answer spares you three months in a hospital."

"Oh!"

"Are you then implying that you use gangland tactics to secure your position?"

Guido: "Ten-Nine-Eight . . ."

Ash: "Do you know what happens when Guido reaches zero?"

"My reporting career comes to a close?"

Ash: "Do you realize what a student in my position can do for your career?"

"I'm listening."

Ash: "Get the smart young reporter a beer, Guido."

Final investigation has shown that there is no truth to these allegations. We apologize for any inconvenience this article has caused to any member in the George Orwell Appreciation Society.

Getaway to a world of excitement

Extraterrestrials gather together

by Glenn Not-Germane

Zotron 3-X is a second-year dentistry student with the usual problems of a student: assignments, exams, etc. He also has a problem adjusting to life at U of A.

Zotron 3-X is an extraterrestrial, one of eight space aliens studying at U of A.

The Extraterrestrial Students' Club was formed earlier this year by the e-t students to improve their image on campus, as well as provide social opportunities for the aliens.

Zondar Norrg, the club president, describes the club as an opportunity for the alien students to get together, share concerns, and socialize.

"A lot of us aren't really accepted by our classmates," he said.

Zondar, a third-year art history student, is from the planet Xargon, which orbits a star in the constellation Pisces. Physically, he is nine feet tall, with four arms and bright green fur.

"It's hard coming to a new planet to study," said club treasurer Xeen Aznex, a first-year chemistry student from the planet Beta Lyrae IV. "It's a strange culture."

Aznex describes some of the usual problems suffered by extraterrestrial students as "loneliness, isolation, and alienation".

A few of the students have special needs problems, which the club helps to overcome. Club member Vlfx Grblchv, (2nd-year psychology), needs to ingest hydrogen sulfide on a regular basis to keep his metabolism going. Zotron 3-X breathes into a special apparatus to contain the gas.

The Club also provides social opportunities, to which Earthlings are welcome (as they are to all club activities). The big plan, said Zondar, is a reading-week vacation trip to Gamma Reticuli VII, "the galaxy's top vacation resort".

There are only eight extraterrestrial students at U of A this year, but more may be enrolled in the future. The club hopes to improve aliens' image so that the new students will feel more at home when they arrive.

Until then, Zondar has to sit at the back of the class because of his height, while Grblchv has to wear special clothes to prevent the smell of sulfur from overcoming other students.

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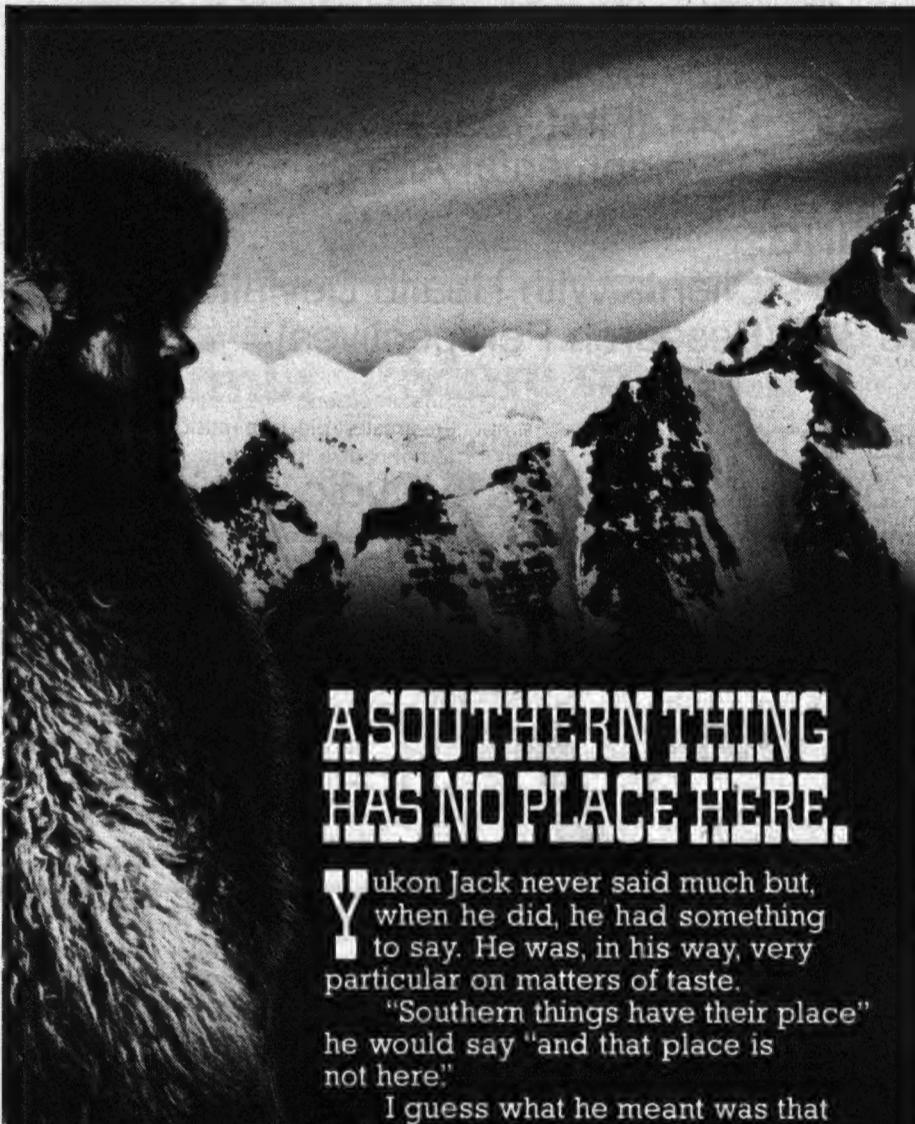
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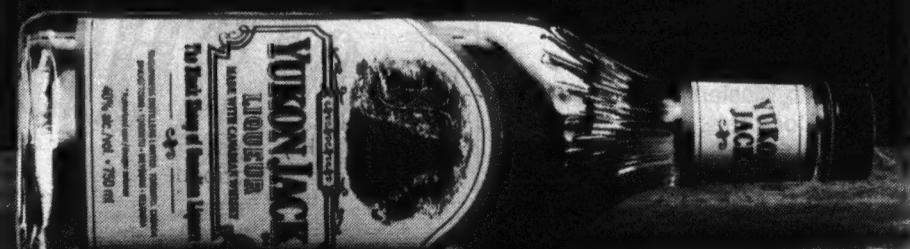
A SOUTHERN THING HAS NO PLACE HERE.

Yukon Jack never said much but, when he did, he had something to say. He was, in his way, very particular on matters of taste.

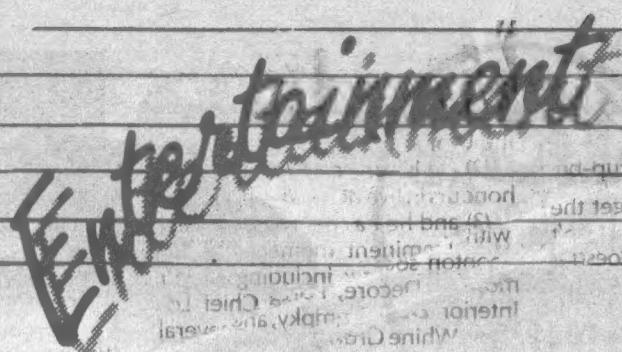
"Southern things have their place" he would say "and that place is not here."

I guess what he meant was that light and airy and sweet things are fine and good, if that's what you like, but that here in the North a thing must be more substantial. Finely crafted, smooth and sturdy. It must be something you can put your hands around.

Yukon Jack did not believe in comfort for comfort's sake, he saw no point to it. But he did appreciate the finer things. Another paradox.



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Merry Christmas mom... a subliminal message.



Pete Townshend: a man a band and an ego

by Bob Guccione Jr.

Although it's been several years now since the Who finally finished their last farewell tour, the indefatigable ego of Pete Townshend has kept him in the public eye as a rock star, author of the book "Horse's Ass" and as an editor at a well known London publishing firm. In this, his first public interview since some time last week, Pete condescended to give us his opinions on everything from the 'Oo to music in general to the 'Oo.

Getaway: You've been quite busy lately, Pete, with balancing several different career roles as well as raising a family. How do you do it all and remain sane?

PT: Well, Bob, as you know I've been totally deaf for the last six years because of hearing damage I sustained over the years of being rock's loudest guitarist. So the only reason I can hear your questions is because I've got my hearing aid turned way up. The same thing with my careers — if things get particularly hectic, I just turn off my hearing aid, and presto, total peace with the world and with myself.

Getaway: That brings up my next question. How has your spiritual leader, Meher Baba influenced your lifestyle?

PT: Well, Bob, as you know I've been a devout follower of his for many years now and I think I can safely say that he's really influenced me a lot.

Getaway: Would you care to be more specific?

PT: Well, Bob, as you know, the totality of the universe, that is, that which we doubt, or confirm or deny, or whatever, you know, and he really brings out that kind of spiritual emancipation in whatever and the cosmos, you know.

Getaway: That's very interesting. Now, this is kind of a touchy area with some people, but lately there have been a lot of comparisons between the Who's live performances and those of Bruce Springsteen. It's even been suggested to me that Springsteen might be the better performer, but not by much, of course.

PT: Well, Bob, you know that I'm the greatest guitar player that the world has ever known and even though I've been completely tone deaf for the last ten years and I haven't made a really good album since 1973, I'm still the greatest, and I don't care what young upstart comes along even if he has been at it for 20 years. I mean, it takes Springsteen, what, four hours to do his show. The guy is obviously too slow.

Getaway: I couldn't agree with you more, Pete. Then what about "Live at Leeds"? It's been cited as the album that's shaped the course of hard rock in general over the last 15 years and, in particular, influenced Led Zeppelin in their embryonic stages.

PT: Well, Bob, you know that's right. Even though Led Zeppelin already had two albums out when "Live at Leeds" was released, Jimmy Page came up to me a few years later and said that he had time travelled forward to the release of "Live at Leeds" so he'd know just what to do when it came time to record the first Led Zeppelin album. And of course, its influenced every popular musician since, even people like Debby Boone, although in her case perhaps in a negative context. Not bad at all for an album we just put out because we were having trouble thinking up songs for our next studio album.

Getaway: How did the death of Keith Moon affect the Who?

PT: Well, Bob, you know we thought about packing it in there for a few hours after he died, but then I finally got inspired and said, hell guys, we already sold out years ago, why don't we just get a new drummer and carry on, sort of like Spinal Tap. Of course Kenny Jones never did blow up.

Getaway: Speaking of blowing up, do you think rock and roll has any lasting significance, or is it all just a big promo con job?

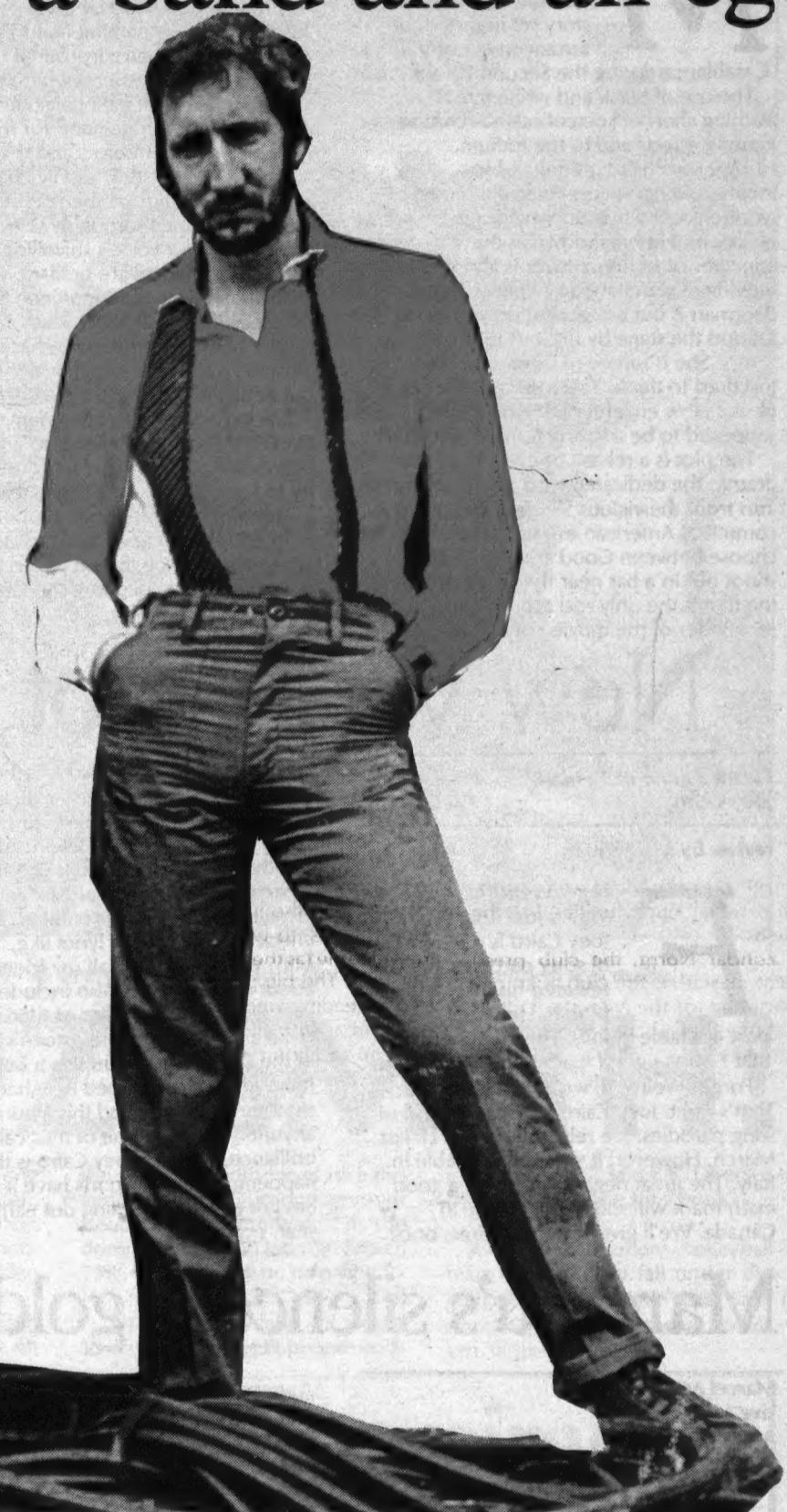
PT: Well, Bob, you know that I've always felt that my work is so great that it will be remembered forever. Forget about Beethoven, Mozart and those kind of flash in the pan composers. "Squeeze Box" is simply the greatest piece of music ever written, so of course it has lasting significance.

Getaway: Have you got any more farewell tours planned to capitalize on this lasting significance, considering the smashing success of the last three?

PT: Well, Bob, you know farewell tours can be a lot of fun, and a good little moneymaker besides. You see, every time we threatened to quit, it ensured that every one of our fans wanted to come out and pay those big bucks to see us. I could see doing another one, since rock concert ticket prices have risen so much in the last few years.

Getaway: One last question, Pete, and thanks a lot for your valuable time. I'm sure our readers will appreciate your fascinating insights, as always. Do you think that people who think the Who were a '70's band should be allowed to have shows on university radio stations?

PT: Well, Bob, you know we released five studio albums of new material, including one of outtakes, and seventeen compilation albums in the '70's, so it would be easy to get the impression that we were a '70's band, even though our biggest hits were mostly in the '60's. So I guess you could forgive someone for having that impression. But the decade doesn't really matter, because I'm still the greatest.



I've stopped being afraid of parodying myself, becoming a caricature — this rich cliche I invented five years ago (1973).

Deathtongue is taking a public licking

As fan's outrage grows, the public outcry over Deathtongue, the blatant new heavy-uranium group, is mounting.

Club dates scheduled for early January in Dinwoodie Lounge have been cancelled because of pressure from various concern groups around town. When asked why, Dinwoodie Management replied, "It's just too controversial! If we let the date go as scheduled, the bad publicity would have really hurt."

The fight against this outspoken group has been spearheaded by MAAMAPAC (Mothers Against Animal Music And Penguins And Cats). Leader and founder of MAAMAPAC, Joan Buzzibode has this to say about Deathtongue:

"It is this very sort of Satan spewed evil that our group was formed to rid of. This sort of group influences our kids in the worst way. Just last week I tried to get my Johnny to sit and watch something educational and Canadian, like the Beachcombers. He said it was boring and wanted to listen to that . . . that . . . ooohh . . ." (At this point Mrs. Buzzibode started foaming at the mouth.)

Indeed, it seems that the untoward media attention focused on Deathtongue seems to be taking its toll. An informal survey of local record stores showed that none of them stock Deathtongue. Even their classic "Let's roll over Lionel Ritchie with a Tank", was nowhere to be found.

This media avoidance has even extended to radio. Both FM and AM stations have not played anything by Deathtongue in the

last two weeks.

Band members were not very perturbed by all this. When 'Wild' Bill Catt, the lead singer for Deathtongue was interviewed he said, "Ack!" And Opus Crockus, the Rhythm Tuba player said, "I don't know, do you think the flaming skeleton being crushed by the bulldozer was too violent?"

Band Manager/Songwriter Steve Dallas has high hopes for further tour dates. "I think that after we do the guest shot on Romper Room the whole Canadian Tour thing will work out."

Commercially, the outcry against the 'satanic animals' has not daunted their economic viability. Deathtongue recently signed a movie deal with Golam-Globus productions to do a nostalgia film "Abbot and Costello meet Deathtongue" in which, Don Johnson will star as guest lead vocalist,



and super director Elmer Finklestein (Friday the 13th Part LXXIV) will direct. As well, stuffed Deathtongue dolls will hit the shelves of toy stores just in time for Christmas.

Indeed, the only other bad news for fans, besides the Edmonton cancellation, is that contrary to some rumors, the Osmonds will NOT be opening for them on this leg of their tour.

Whitehouse flick is unadulterated trash

Casablanca

by R. Sonja

Michael Curtiz has turned out yet another piece of period schlock in this tedious, simplistic love story set in the Mediterranean country of Casablanca during the Second World War. The use of black and white film is nothing short of pretentious. Overdone lighting effects add to the tedium. Humphrey Bogart, as the all-but-incoherent bar owner Rick, is a model of wooden acting and unconvincing emotions. His breakdown at the appearance of his ex-lover is about as moving as watching dust collect. Ingrid Bergman is but a beautiful prop, steered around the stage by the various male actors. She is forced to utter drivel like "I'm too tired to think. You must think for both of us." How enlightened! And this is supposed to be a strong female character!

The plot is a rehash of every tired war drama: the dedicated Nazi fighter trying to run from the vicious SS men, and the non-committal American expatriate forced to choose between Good and Evil. A little shoot out in a bar near the beginning of the film is the only real action. The remainder of the movie consists of

characters having deep, meaningful cliché-riddled discussions about the turmoils of their lives. With every actor having a different accent, it is an exercise in linguistic juggling, if nothing else.

At its worst, the film is blatantly manipulative. The German officers are painted in solid bad-guy colors, with absolutely no redeeming features. I wouldn't have been surprised if they had kicked a few babies somewhere in the movie. The French nationalists are pure, driven by a desperate need for freedom, willing to risk themselves and their loved ones for The Cause. The only characters with any animation to them are Claude Rains' Louis, the thoroughly corrupt police chief, and Peter Lorre's snivelling Ugarte. Both performances are brilliant, with characterizations that transcend those of the so-called leads. Sadly, it seems that Bogart's power at the studio has once again muscled out the talents of lesser known but better actors.

The only black character, Sam, played by Dooley Wilson, is relegated to a menial role as the piano player, and does little but try to keep his boss out of trouble.

This film has little romance, poorly scripted action scenes, and acting that appears to be straight out of the U of A freshman Drama department. Give it a miss.

So I said
Pierre, baby, I
luv ya. Here
your people call
my people...
we'll do
lunch...



New wax is hot

I want a good math mark
Joey Cairo

review by Marc Simao

Forget Weird Al, we've got Weird Joe! That's right. Joey Cairo is the new kind of song parodies. Joe released his first LP last March. However, it was only available in Italy. The great news is that *I want a good math mark* will soon be

Forget Weird Al, we've got Weird Joe! That's right. Joey Cairo, is the new kind of song parodies. Joe released his first LP last March. However, it was only available in Italy. The great news is that *I want a good math mark* will soon be available in Canada. We'll give you the address once

the album is available. Now you must be thinking that you've heard it all before. The great new artist scam. Well I know you're stuck with those boring Weird Al records, but this is really good stuff. The first song is a parody of John Cougar Mellancamp's "Small Town", which is entitled "Big Nose". Check out the pain of lyrics like, "I was born with a big nose/all my friends bug me about my big nose." Also included on this stunning LP are parodies of Madonna's, "Like a Virgin" and Springsteen's "Dancing in the Dark". The album was a best seller in Italy, and it even topped the charts this summer. I recommend this album to anyone with any sense of musical brilliance, because Joey Cairo is the happening thing. Reports have it that Joe has got a new LP coming out early next year. I can't wait.

Marceau's silence is golden

Marcel Marceau
Live in London
Audiodisques

review by Glenn Not-Germane

French mime Marcel Marceau has finally released his long-awaited live album. It was worth the wait.

Marceau is the best at what he does, and as a live performer excels in a way no other mime can approach. Sure, his three studio albums (*Marcel Marceau*, *Marceau Deux*, and *Love Songs*) are very well done and fun to listen to. But a performer like Marceau works best in front of an

audience; this double-live set is the best recorded work by the great Marcel yet.

Live in London was recorded in London, at the Hammersmith Odeon last summer. Marceau performs his best-known works from his three albums, as well as several previously-unreleased items.

Side three is the strongest. Marceau performs a medley of love songs from his third album, *Love Songs* mixed with some old favorites. Marceau gets overwhelmingly emotional when he mimics classics as "Sparrow" and "Four Walls".

Overall, this album is a must for lovers of mime. The only negative point is on side four, when he tries to do some pop mimes. Unfortunately, Devo and Men Without Hats are not easily translated into mime.

Patrick Gossage... more than just a talking head

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Newbie Screech at Bears
hockey games.
Horwood instigator. p. 14

Sports

Colonel Sanders alive and
well — working as Dean
of Phys. Ed.!! p. 18



Big Small

... and while we're on the topic of desire, I'm reminded of something that my pappy used to say to me on the farm back home in Radway. He'd say "Son, you don't want to spend the rest of your life pickin' rocks and pullin' calves out here on the farm. I hear they can give you some schoolin' down there in the Big City that'll do ya good. You just keep studyin' them ingredients on that there bottle of Treflan and you'll pass that writin' convenience test sure as shootin'."

But after I failed it three times was I happy? Heck no. When you fail at something, well I'll tell you you'd better be ...



Dean Floggett

... and aren't you just fascinated with the role of the **interior lineman** on special teams? I am! but nothing comes close to watching the **Indianapolis Colts** tangle with the **Tampa Bay Buccaneers**. Like, those uni's are great. I'd sure like to see **Marilyn Monroe** in a **Detroit Red Wings** jersey. And a **New Orleans** helmet too! Wow, those are some major problems that journalists are forced to deal with ...



Axe Wielder

... should either get the job done or hit the road. Which reminds me. When was the last time that the **swim team** won anything? It's time to get rid of someone there. And it seems that every time I get a **press release** from the **Athletics department** there's a bunch of typo's. If I had my way every **secretary** in the **Butterdome** would be in the bread line come Monday morning. Then there's that **Panda V-Ball** team...

Suzi Smith

... labor, work, toil, moil, sweat, plug, plod, trudge, strain, buckle down, dig in, bear down, wade into, come to grips, set your shoulder to the wheel, work like a horse, nose to the grindstone, sweat blood ...



Suzi Smith on the sidelines. Lineman Joe Rockhead (behind) has been in a state of shock since the announcement was made.

HAIL SUZI SMITH!

by Sven Pedro Akabutu Brown

First year volleyball coach Suzi Smith had better enjoy this year behind the Pandas bench, because it will be her last.

Beginning in the 1987-88 school year, the personable native of Calgary will take over as Head Coach of both the football Bears and the hockey Bears.

"This should be no problem," said Smith. "I'll have those guys on the football team doing full-contact drills for at least six hours a day. That'll get 'em ready for game day."

In regards to the hockey team, Smith has definite plans for improvement there as well. "Any team that has had as many injuries as those hockey Bears have had over the last couple of years must just be a bunch of pussies."

"There'll be no more preseason exhibition games for that bunch of whiners," Smith commented. "It'll be straight off to boot camp for them." She went on to reveal her plans for an outdoor training camp somewhere near Portage La Prairie, Manitoba where a river will provide the ice surface for the Golden Bears.

As expected, both veteran coaches who were replaced are more than pleased with the idea.

"The minute that I saw the way that she runs her team I realized that I had been wrong for 26 years," said Clare Drake. "That Panda volleyball team is like a well-oiled machine, really. I mean, their record speaks for itself doesn't it?"

Jim Donlevy was equally as ecstatic: "What a woman! That hard-nosed approach; that steely-eyed smile. In this league it takes fine coaching to win, and with Suzi I don't see any reason why this team can't do it."

It wasn't clear, however, just how

many wins Donlevy was referring to. With Smith at the helm though, nobody is talking anything less than national championships in both hockey and football for the Golden Bears.

Chairman of Athletics Dr. Bob Steadward can see the writing on

the wall. "Why did I ever hire this veritable Hope Diamond amongst people," he lamented. "If she doesn't have my job by March 1988, I for one will be surprised."

"I'm going to Suzi for some advice on how to get people back

into the stands," said P.R. Director Dale Schulha. "She's my hero."

As for the women's volleyball team they will not fall under the guidance of Suzi's little sister Sally who, at age eight, plans to "Work 'em 'til they puke."

Gretzky pursues pimple popping profession

by Dave Hodgepodge

In a blockbuster press conference on Tuesday, the NHL's premier player, Wayne Gretzky shocked the hockey world by announcing that he is retiring from the pro ranks to return to school and get an education.

"I've always done what my father wanted, that is play hockey and make millions," said The Great One. "But now I think it's time I did what my mother wants, that is return to school and become a dermatologist."

It was revealed that for the past two years Gretzky had been taking correspondence courses to complete his high school, and now that he has his diploma will enter the University of Alberta in January. Whether he can ever hope to make as much money squeezing zits as he could leading the NHL in scoring is doubtful, but his income is not the only one that will be affected.

His father, who stands to lose mucho dinero in endorsements and book royalties now that his son is out of hockey, said this: "I didn't

drive my son all over the face of the earth at all times in the morning just so he could drain blisters. I'll be damned if I'll go back to working for a living."

Also affected by the shocking announcement is Oilers GM and coach Glen Sather who, faced with his team in a slump and increasing fan disenchantment, can ill-afford to lose his major drawing card. Surprisingly though, he is rather philosophical about the situation. "We don't need him anyways," Sather said in his patented off-the-cuff manner.

Rumor has it that should he lose Gretzky, team owner Peter Pocklington will personally escort Sather out the door quicker than you can say "Change the labor laws." It's a well known fact that Sather without Gretzky is like General Patton without tanks — all talk, no action.

The last person who stands to lose in this situation is Gretzky's long time girlfriend Vicky Moss, who not five minutes after the press conference dumped Wayne in favor of Edmonton Eskimo defensive end John Mandrich. "How

am I expected to further my career, going out with a university student? I'll take steroids over studies any day," the singing star was heard to say.

As is the case in most situations, someone's loss is someone's gain, and the department of athletics at the U of A now has a chance to have the greatest hockey player on this planet filling the seats for them. But whether Gretzky wants to play for the Bears is still unclear.

"Of course we'll offer him a few incentives to play," said Athletic Director Dr. Bob Steadward. "A case of Coke, free use of the official department vehicle (a Volkswagen Bug with bearpaws all over it) on Tuesdays, and maybe even a free pass to the football games, excluding the Shrine Bowl of course."

Whether Gretzky will take up Steadward on his more than generous offer, or whether he'll stick to learning how to lance hemorrhoids is yet to be seen. The last word here belongs to Golden Bear coach Clare Drake, who when asked what it would feel like to coach the Great Gretzky, said "Who?"

Bear Rollerballers hammer, hospitalize hungry 'Horns

by Red Blazer

Bears 7 Lethbridge 6

Saturday night at the Butterdome, the Roller Bears kicked Lethbridge but in a hard-fought contest before a packed house of screaming fans.

Star forward Biff Trent jammed two big first period scores and assisted on another to lead the home team to its eighth straight victory.

Coach Chek Trowsers was pleased with the result. "I thought we skated hard and out-hustled their guys on the fence tonight," he said, "but they're a good team, and the Pronghorns always give us a good game."

Lethbridge led 6-5 at the second break, and looked like they were ready to break the home-side's four game winning streak on their

own boards.

An attempt-to-mutilate foul by Horns biker Stumpy White resulted in the Bears tying goal. Jammer Gunnar Sargeant got the ball to scoring ace Jackie Prokopetz with a nifty spin-o-rama handoff, and the 'Petz didn't hesitate. He beat two

defenders one-on-one and dove past the Pronghorns' charging bike for the stuff, with 3:50 to go.

With momentum on their side, the Bears furiously pressed the attack. The Horns defence wilted and Trent and Prokopetz got the assists on Bill Weakly's game-winner

with only 57 seconds left on the clock.

It was a light casualty report for the Bears. Norm Plane, left fullback, is out for the season with a shattered tibia he suffered in a second-frame collision with the boards and one of the Lethbridge

scooter. Otherwise, there were only the standard cuts and bruises, with one tailpipe burn.

Roller Bears' action continues January 10 when they invade Brandon to take on the 6 and 6 Bobcats in a rematch of last year's western semi-final.

Salty Sather — tequila trades for lemons

by Scoop Poopman

Glen Sather ended months of speculation and rumour yesterday by trading Jari Kurri, Glenn Anderson, Paul Coffey, Grant Fuhr, and Wayne Gretzky. The multi-player, multi-team deal was in answer to what Sather calls a whole lot of

unnecessary scorn and abuse from the fans and media.

Sather started the proverbial ball rolling by trading sniper-winger Kurri for Detroit tough-man Joey Kocur. "In that deal I was looking for a solid fan-favorite replacement for Dave Cementhead . . . er Semenko."

Immediately after the Kocur deal, Sather's phone rang off the hook with General Manager's around the league offering to trade. "I didn't really expect all that much interest from the other G.M.'s. When the other calls started coming I just said 'what the hell'. I had a few more shots of Tequila and started dealing."

In other trades it was Anderson for Boston's Thomas Grardin. "I was really impressed with Grardin's feigning abilities. He should help us get more powerplays," said an elated Sather. Coffey went for New Jersey's Pat Verbeek. "I don't even

know what position he plays," laughed Sather, "I really just like the sound of his name. V-E-R-B-E-K, Ver-beek; I really like the sound of that. Neat, eh?"

In the last trade, a multi-player one, Fuhr and Gretzky went to the New York Rangers for centre Walt Poddubny, winger Pierre Larouche, defenceman Reijo Routsalanein and goalie John Davidson. When informed that he already had the rights for Routsalanein and that Davidson was retired, Sather retorted: "Oh well, you can't win 'em all. Heh, heh. Maybe John can be colorman for our game films."

But can Vanna White shoot?

by Hoss Cartwright

At the beginning of the year when Sports Minister Auto Jelly-neck was handing out athletic scholarships, there was one thing he forgot to tell the Golden Bears: in order for a team to be eligible they must have at least one female participant, therefore the Bears must find a female hockey player.

Coach A. Mallard says he will also change the name of the team to the Golden Birds. He states "The team has always been open to girls. My scouts have had their eyes on female prospects for years."

"This isn't just a symbolic thing, we need wingers that aren't afraid to go in the corners," the Coach added. "Now if only I could find one that doesn't shoot like a woman."

Al Bowing, veteran forward, stated "I wouldn't mind having a girl on my line, as long as she files the picks off the front of her skates. She'd take a lot of the attention and maybe I'd be able to score."

Another hopeful, May Callyou, said she was comfortable in the dressing room after only a couple of days. "It was awkward at first changing with boys, but I'm getting to know them."

"I've played slopitch with guys in the summer, some of the other girls may take longer to adjust," Callyou later added.

"They're hard to stop because I have to make eye contact with the opponent carrying the puck in," said goalie Cal Anytime.

"Birds of a feather, flock together," remarked Shirley Yorkid-

ding when asked about animosity on the team.

When contacted at Coach Mallard's house, Head Referee George Swallow reflected "They're fair game. I don't give favouritism to anyone, and they better keep their pretty heads up or they'll get their blocks knocked off."

"The dressing looks a lot nicer and so do the guys," says Rob Thecadre, veteran trainer in his tenth season.

"Coach told me to watch the chest and don't fall for any head-fakes, just like usual," said defenceman Willie Kill, when asked if he defected them any differently.

"We're getting a lot of press," says Manager Ed Grimley, "maybe Vanna White will tryout, that would be great, I must say."

his resurrection.

The word from the big-league scouts, however, is that Hendrix "can't hit the curve ball." Consequently, his minor-league signing rights have changed hands from the Pawtucket Red Sox to the Toledo Mud Hens in exchange for a pitching machine and a bat rack. Hendrix himself explains that if he can't make the bigs, he wishes to return to music and perform a duet with Willie Nelson.

Say Hey Joe

by Y. Petersen Julius Rabbie

Jimi Hendrix, the guitar-thrashing rock star, is reported to be alive, contrary to popular belief. He has been discovered playing baseball for the Caracas Halapenos of the Venezuelan winter league, reliable sources have said.

Hendrix has been the team's regular designated hitter since the beginning of the season. Apparently, Hendrix doesn't have the same quickness in the field since

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also racked up an impressive pile of injuries for their opponents.

Therefore, on January 1, the Sooners will take on none other than our own Alberta Golden Bears; the 1-7 Golden Bears vs. the 11-1 Sooners.

"They were the only ones dumb . . . er, gracious enough to accept our invitation," said Hymie Greenback, chairman of the Orange bowl selection committee. "Their record . . . well sure it's terrible but they're going to get killed anyway . . . uh, I mean their record is misleading . . . er, they should be good competition . . . um, I gotta go."

Needless to say, they'll make their money anyways.

So there you have it, January 1st, the Bumbling Bears against the Superpower Sooners. So if you're into slaughters along the lines of the Lions vs. the Christians or mismatches similar to the German Panzer divisions vs. the Polish Cavalry, tune in.



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Footnotes & Classifieds

Footnotes

Young Executioner's Club presents: "Subliminal Sex in 'Getaway'? Cum one, cum all. TBW1, 7 - 9 pm.

Pinko Peoples' Free Army, Weapons Seminar, Lister Carpark, 1 - 4 pm.

PPFA Victory Bash, Alberta Legislature 4 am - curfew (4 pm).

Lecture Series: "The Crowbar in Fashion," Phines T Gage, TLB2, 4 - 6 pm.

"Great Seige of My-Lai" reunion. Further details call J. Calley, 555-1968.

Steve S: congrats for not letting hockey get in the way of our golf game last year. Wayne G.

Et tu, Brute? Julius.

Inter-Varsity Athiest Fellowship is sponsoring a lack-of-faith seminar next Wednesday at noon. Bring your lunch.

The monthly meeting of the Apathy Club has been cancelled due to interest.

The monthly meeting of the pessimist club has been cancelled until things get better. Sorry.

The monthly meeting of the Procrastinators Society has been postponed until next month.

The Obsessive Students Club is having a meeting next Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. And the week after that. And the week after that, too.

The Skydiving Club will meet over the University Campus at 20,000 feet next Wednesday. Drop in.

The Uncertainty Club might have a meeting next Tuesday, which may be held in 034 SUB.

The U of A Espionage Club will be meeting under the stairwell in the north end of CAB. Bring your codebooks.

The Annual meeting of the Health and Fitness club has been cancelled due to a flu epidemic.

The U of A Society to Legalize Marijuana and the U of A Punster's club will be having a joint press conference next Monday in SUB Theatre. All are welcome.

Stop Caffeine Addiction by Minors (S.C.A.M.) will be sponsoring a tea room next Friday night in SUB 034. Everyone welcome.

The Extraterrestrial Students' Club is sponsoring a holiday package to Gamma Reticuli VII for study week. Only 399 Galactic Credits includes transportation, hotels, meals, and more! Contact Zondar at the E-T Club for more info.

Notice of General Meeting: the Knowlton Nash Fan Club will have its annual general meeting next Wednesday, room 034-SUB. Everyone welcome.

Speling Werkshop: Students whoo kneed assistance with there spelng shud attend thes munth's spelng tootorial. Four mor infermashin, kall thi English Department.

The Antarctic Studies Department will have an excursion to Antarctica in February. Contact the department for details.

Classifieds

For Sale

Used SU bldg. for sale. Call Barb, 555-SUVP.

For Sale: Office Building, 14 stories tall, scenic location just off Saskatchewan Drive, overlooking river valley. Close to transportation, recreational, and academic facilities. Best offer. Call Dr. H. 432-0000.

Upper Moravia: An All-expense paid trip to Upper Moravia, with such cultural favorites as water dancing, vosh-throwing, and gerbil racing, is being offered by the International Non-Profit Social Cultural Exchange Society (Inc.) Tickets: 3,000,000 Moravian Cheeps (about 37½ Canadian).

Wanted

Wanted: No more "Boom County" no more fucking penguins! An annoyed citizen.

CJSR requires new DJs who truly understand fine music, in concert with our format change to take effect January 2. Bring your own Mitch Miller and Barry Manilow records.

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Lost

Lost: sense of originality. If found call Donny Android's, 555-BLAH, reward offered (1st, 2nd & 3rd place).

Lost: one purple dragon, 11' long, answers to name of "Floyd". Last seen Saturday night outside of Lister Hall. Reward, call 555-6545.

Personals

To Bonnie: Our date at the bank still on, like we planned? Clyde.

Battery people: red alert. Capt. Vibrator.

All relevant questions answered. Dial-a-Llama, 1-800-555-LIFE.

Lost? Confused? Alienated? Contact the Extraterrestrial Students Club. We can help.

Personal: Dear Nicky . . . OK, our date for March 12 at the winter palace is on. N.L.

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